

and walked away as fast as i could
looking back only once.
his face was drawn into his teeth and
and his tongue dying across his lips
as he leaned against the bus-stop
holding the watch closely to his ear
listening

stolen fm. a letter to m. m.

under the belly
of the universe
hides a clown

.
.
.
.
crying

-- marcus j grapes

New Orleans, La.

The Perceptions

seated around the table
they
discussed the opening
flower's

bright colors & the in-
ward
movement of the petals'
growth

eluded their comprehension
so they
ignored it for a static
view

of the world. far away the
sun is
not a thing so far
away

they say.